

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Our Sovereigne proceffe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin.

Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbrasse*
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Majestie would ought with us
We shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doe't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How propos'd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,

We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name,

To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,

Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Cap. Nay 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand foules and 20000 duckets

Will not debate the question of this straw;

This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breakes and shewes no cause without

Why the man dyes, I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap.

Prince of Denmarke.

Cap. God buy your sir.

Ros. Wilt please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.

How all occasions doe informe against me,
And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chiefe good and marker of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in us unus'd: now whether it be
Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward: I doe not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doe't: examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnesse this army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whole spirit with divine ambition pufft
Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortall and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egge-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to finde quarrell in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine? O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

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